CAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Ansemia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Falled.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anemia.

And spells of vomiting, could not eat,
is fact, did not dare to, I had such disssafter eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. About this time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deathly sensations

would come over me.

"Nothing had helped me until I began
taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am perfectly well now." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure angenia

because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even if ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams dicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

'FRISCO'S CROP OF GENIUS.

Second Only to New York in Vigor and Freshness of Its Literature.

New York is of course the great American market for literary wares, says E. S. Martin in Appleton's Magazine. There is also a measure of hospitality shown to writers and their products in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Indianapolis.

But San Francisco for thirty years past has beaten all four of these subsidiary literary centers in the freshness and vigor of its inspirations.

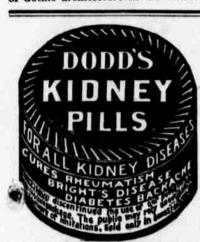
It has had an ocean of its own to stimulate its imagination, a new country behind and about it and an adventurous and virile population that has liked to live its own life in its own way and dream and live its own romances.

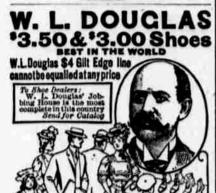
It has had money, too. It has sent out its envoys to view the world (and a good many of them have stayed away), and because it has been one of the world's great starting places and landing places it has viewed ha-ually from its own doorstep pretty the every kind of human creature that has been worth looking at.

Altogether, San Francisco has been like no other city of our republic.

Fear for Cologne Cathedral.

Serious damage to the magnificent central portal of Cologne cathedral is feared. Several large pieces of carved stone have fallen and numerous other portions show signs of loosening. The cathedral, begun in 1248, was not completed until 1880. It is of Gothic architecture in the world.





they excel other makes.
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value. wear longer, and are of greater value

than any other make.
Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L.
Douglas shoes. His name and price is stamped
on the bottom, which protects you sgainst high

DEFIANCE Gold Water Starch

A Question of Understanding

By Grace G. Bostwick

ing the letters and telegrams over and closing the small drawers, one by one. He was searching for a photograph that she had kept on her desk a likeness taken in her early girlhood, long before he had met her.

As he felt clumsily about among the papers a letter fell out. He started to replace it, but caught sight of his own name in the familiar writing and paused. He opened it with trembling fingers.

"I did the best I could," he said, slowly to himself. "I couldn't help not caring. I thought I could—at first. I thought it would come with time. God! how hard it has been, how bitter hard!" He passed his thin, nervous hand wearily across his colorless face. "At least, she never knew, never suspected, nor cared, either way," he said, bitterly. "She was as indifferent as—as I was."

"I wonder if she knows now," he breathed. "I wonder if she knowsand understands. She never seemed to understand anything. I used to wonder how anyone could feel so little and live. I tried once to tell her how I felt and she laughed. Said needed something to tone me up. Perhaps she was right. Perhaps I of night. am a morbid chap.

"If she had cared," he began again, "I would have tried to be different. I should have learned to get hold of her interest in some way, but that dead calm of hers! I used to think it would drive me crazy. She was the right sort, too-or semed to be. With her possibilities she might have developed into a wonderful woman under the right conditions. She is wonderful-she was," he corrected himself, shuddering at the correction. "I admired her more than any other woman I ever met. Poor Helen!' he sighed as he pored over the letter in the failing light.

He sat up, startled. Hurried the window, reading eagerly with a look of intense interest on his rather apathetic face-a look such as Helen Atherton had never roused in all her sadly inconsequent life with him.

"Dear," he read, "I couldn't hope ever to make you understand how I love you. You have just left mecold, unloving, careless, as you always are-and I (poor foolish, loving thing) put my starved arms about your chair and laid my lips passionately against the spot where your dear head has lain. I know it is utterly unreciprocated, that I shall never be more to you than I am now, and though it breaks my heart with its desolation. its utter despair, yet I bow to it. Dearest, no man was ever loved more deeply, more tenderly, than you are. O, the sadness, the heartbreak of it

"You thought at first you cared. If you had been sure, then-ah, if you had only known then-and told me. Now it is too late. I am wrapped in a never-ending regret that will be v portion to

can't ease the hurt of loving unloved. "I want you to know if you are left -and you will be-that I have always cared. I used to hope for the day when I should se your eyes flood with gladness at my coming. I have learned to welcome even the weartness of spirit they express if only I

may feel you near me. "Dear, I know how it is with you. I know that the bonds have become so irksome that they have worn into your very soul. I see the distaste, the dislike-almost loathing-that possesses you at times. I see it all, yet I am powerless to release you. I can call my every-day face.

"If you had cared, John, we should have been very happy. I love your work, your interests, but I have not dared voice it for fear-O that look! that cruelly indifferent, hard, careless look! It burns into me as I write and I writhe under the torture of it."

He sat with his head on his arms for hours. Once he cried out in "My God, if I had known! agony:

If I had known!" At last he climbed the heavy, dark stairway to the room above to face his dead. He turned back the white coverlid with hands strangely steady

after his long vigil. Her face was oddly girlish as it was in the little photo. He felt a vast tenderness welling up within him as he looked. A rush of feeling that flooded him with longing, longing for her smile, for her clear-eyed look, for the spirit of her, brave and indomitable as it had ever been. At last he knew the truth. He could see the soul back of the silence-back of her apathetic gentieness of demeanor that had shamed his churlish outbreaks of irritability. Oh, to tell her! to let her know how he admired her selfcontrol, her wonderful soldier heart that could force her to smile calmly, though her life's blood was oozing

away, drop by drop. Oh, to tell her that he might have cared; that she was his heart's own after all, though he had not known

t-he had not known her. "If I could tell her just once and see her smile as she used to smile before." He buried his face in the clothes at her side at the recollection. He remembered suddenly that she had been possessed of a horror of

"It isn't as though she had cared," | burial with life still existant. He Atherton said, in a tired voice, turn- started and looked again, piercingly, into her still face. It was not marlistlessly. "It isn't as though she had ble-like as the faces he had seen in cared," he repeated, dully, opening death. A sudden hope clutched at his heart.

"Helen," he cried, "come back! You are mine, child; I have always loved you-always. I didn't know. O child, open your eyse to me!" His face went gray with the effort of his life. He was straining, striving against death, the conqueror himself. He prayed by all he held sacred. By his mother's memory. By his belief in love, by the prayers of the longgone dead, and holding her two cold hands in his own, he chafed and warmed them unweariedly, repeatedly, calling to her, pleading with her, begging her to come back.

The passionate warmth of his appeal softened the cold stillness of her fingers. They seemed to him to be growing pliant, human. He put a terrible effort into his plea, shaking from head to foot with the strangest passion mortal ever experienced. He would win her back from death. He would see her eyes unclose or he would die in the effort. The perspiration was pouring off his brow where the veins were cruelly knotted. His eyes burned like those of some wild animal seen in the darkness at dead

"Helen," he called for the last time, 'Helen child, it is I-open your eyes to me!" It was the impassioned appeal of soul to soul.

Than slowly, wearily, unwillingly, as of some child waking from a sleep of deep exhaustion, the cold, white lids lifted and the familiar eyes looked into his own, though faintly as from a long distance. The shadow of a smile parted the gray lips—the lips of death. Overcome by the wonder of the miracle, he staggered back, but compelled himself, by a supreme effort of will, to hold consciousness a moment longer.

"You are going to live!" he cried. loudly. "You are going to live—for He felt her cold, cold face against his own hot cheek. He heard her sigh-a long sigh of rapture that was almost a sob—then blackness.

In the little study below the sickroom—the room of resurrection—a few hours later Atherton again fumbled about his wife's desk for the little photo. Again his awkward hands tumbled the contents of the drawers in reckless confusion, but at last they closed on the treasured picture. Tears of joy, the great tears that rise out of the deepest feeling of a strong man's heart, fell thickly, unrestrained ly, on the child-like face of the woman who had been his wife for four long, miserable years.

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TENDERFOOT KNEW THE ROPES. His Suspicion of Cowboy's Marksmanship Was Verified.

Ex-Delegate Rodey, of New Mexico, tells a story illustrative of the trite saying that circumstances alter cases. Some of the citizens of a certain southwestern town, which was still in the class of frontier settlements, devised a new method of inducing "tenderfoot" visitors to furnish entertainment for the crowd. When the stranger arrived in town and began the making of acquaintances by conventional methods the ringleaders would present to him one of the natives, who was described as a marvelously accurate shot. To satisfy the curiosity and interest invariably manifested by the stranger the marksman would consent to give an exhibition of his skill only hide it all securely away under after considerable urging on the part the slow smile, the smile that you of his friends. Raising his six-shooter the celebrity would address the stranger: "Do you see that man smoking a cigar about two blocks down the street there? I'll hit the cigar without making the man bat an eye."

Bang! went the six-shooter, and back came the cry up the street:

"See here, Bill, you have got to stop this thing. That's the fourth cigar you have spoiled for me to-day I don't like it. Get somebody else to practice on."

The astonished stranger could always be depended on after such an exhibition "to set up" the marksman and his friends. One day there appeared a visitor less credulous than his predecessors. After the usual exhibition this stranger appeared scorn ful of the feat.

"That's nothing," he declared. "That does not prove you can shoot. I'll wager \$100 you can't hit a barn door

at 100 yards." The marksman took him up, and, followed by the crowd, retired with him to the back of the store for the test. A shot was heard, and shortly afterward the alleged marksman came back looking very glum.

the man whose duties behind the counter had kept him from enjoying the tenderfoot's discomfiture. "Matter!" growled Bill. "Matter

"What's the matter, Bin?" asked

enough. That greenhorn set the door up edgewise!"

Looked That Way.

"Pardon me, but is the milk feeling bad this morning?" asked the lady of the milkman.

"No, mum. Why do you ask?" "I noticed it was quite blue."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

The mistaken idea of a few years ago, about Alum in Baking Powders being injurious, no longer prevails, or searcely exists. It is a well established exists. It is a well established exists. ago, about Alum in Baking Powders being injurious, no longer prevails, or scarcely exists. It is a well established fact by chemical analysis that Cream of Tartar being less volatile than Alum, when exposed to heat, is not entirely vaporized as is the case with Alum, but leaves a residue in the brend, which is injurious. Alum, on the contrary, is entirely evaporated while performing its function during process of baking, leaving no atom of injurious residuous substance. The words "Chemically Pure" erroneously used to designate Cream of Tartar from Alum baking powder is a misnomer. Baking Powder made of pure Alum is as chemically pure as made from pure cream of tartar. These words mean nothing more nor less than pure chemicals, and in no way can they imply that one baking powder is Alum and another Cream of Tartar. Alum has been declared to be wholesome; an established fact. Every large water system in the cities along the Missouri river use Alum in large quantities to purify the water before pumping it into their water mains for consumption. Cream of Tartar baking powder is perhaps good enough for any one; Alum baking powder is better, and very much cheaper.

Crucial Test.

"Yes, the prisoner was a woman of extraordinary nerve. They tried in every known way to make her nervous.

"That so?" "Yes. They shot off a gun unexpectedly, yelled 'Fire!' and told her a distant powder blast was an earthquake. Still she was unmoved. Then they liberated a mouse."

"I'll wager a bank roll against a stogle that the mouse made her nerv-"Not at all. She only stepped on

it and laughed." "Great Jupiter! Such a woman as that wouldn't lose her nerve if the

earth exploded." "Oh, yes. One of the detectives stepped up and whispered in her ear that her hair had been mussed up for

two hours, and then she collapsed."

To keep your auto looking bright use the following mixture for all painted parts: Sperm oil, one-half pint; common vinegar, one-half pint; oil bergamot, one dram. Mix and rub with clean cloth. For all brass work use tripoli, one and one-half pounds; any lubricating oil, eight ounces; gasoline, three quarts. This is one of the best

cleaners for all polished brass. If you contemplate buying a medium priced automobile and want to be certain of securing a car suitable for touring on country roads, up hill as well as down hill, you will make no mistake in buying either a Buleck, Maxwell, Mitchell, Reo, Knox, Franklin or Queen. These range in price from \$750 to \$2,000.

False Alarm.

From the valley there came a cloud of dust and a distant rumble. The man of the stope age rushed up the mountain and perched himself on the highest peak.

"Shucks!" exclaimed the fugitive, as he slipped down to the valley again, "it is only a poor dinosaur roaming about for his breakfast. From the noise I thought it must be an auto-

And the man went back to his peaceful occupation of hewing an

Women Passing Through Change of Life

Providence has allotted us each at least seventy years in which to fulfill our mission in life, and it is generally our own fault if we die prematurely.



Nervous exhaustion invites disease. This statement is the positive truth.

When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks with-When everything becomes a burden and you cannot walk a few blocks without excessive fatigue, and you break out into perspiration easily, and your face flushes, and you grow excited and shaky at the least provocation, and you cannot bear to be crossed in anything, you are in danger; your nerves have given out; you need building up at once! To build up woman's nervous system and during the period of change of life we know of no better medicine than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here is an illustration. Mrs. Mary L. Koehne, 371 Garfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years in my family and it never disappoints; so when I felt that I was nearing the change of life I commenced treatment with it. I took in all about six bottles and it did me a great deal of good. It stopped my dizzy spells, pains in my back and the headaches with which I had suffered for months before taking the Compound. I feel that if it had not been for this great medicine for women that I should not have been alive to-day. It is splendid for women, old or young, and will surely cure all female disorders."

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick and ailing women to write her for advice. Her great experience is at their service, free of cost.



OOKE Pat. FREE AIR TIRES ride

Tial assertment only sold to dealers. Ad

peaceful occupation of hewing an DEFIANCE STARCH for starching w. N. U., Sait Lake City, No. 36, 1906.



For Baby's Skin & Scalp

Because of its Delicate Medicinal. Emollient. Sanative, and Antiseptic Properties combined with the purest of Cleansing Ingredients and most refreshing of Flower Odors.

Sold throughout the world. Outlewes Sone, Sin., Otto-ment, Sic., Seculerent, Soc., (in form of Chancian Openal Pills, So., her visit of Sp., & single set either curva. Depoint London, 27 Charterhouns Sp., Paris, S Rus & In-Sair; Houton, 187 Columbus Ave. Fother Even & Chan-Corp., Scie Props. ar Sond for High to Preserve, Parity, and Bassity the Stin, Sonly, Hall, and Hands of lutuate and Children.

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We want a live, active and thoroughly experience salesman in this locality with sufficient money to buy outright his first month's supply of our ble piletty Low Pressure Rollow Wire Gase in a Lighte. A utility needed in every story are home and fully complying with insurance in. I such a man we will give extunive sales right are such a man we will give extunive sales right are

